A CHRISTMAS FOLLY

BY HOMESPUN.

woodston: Mee. Disarths lived in a three-resement g cable which sheed in the provided set—but size, if I seminister correct, their Nas But one circum the trees, 100 year, that size alrest becard of the a slinter of log-leases, chiefwit which was that believed to be.

And it was a copy critical, that string course course course are as one of the course course

when giff in mainfacture, mount pools bever, were satisfactured, and faceoused with the er-e while pillows pixed in tuxusions the pillows pixed in tuxusions the state, and her thrifty ear-the great levels of datas which they state, and the thrifty ear-the great levels of datas which they and walknot to the decar

6.

10s. the Inclusive pour oil d. bey, 10s. the Land scauped has fred herman for the string from all spaces, pincy "shanker which be sure in the county grad, and appear of the county grad, but his second bard Took with his second bard Took with his second bard Took with his second bard took of the county and herman his many to the county shall see the county had been county in the county shall see the county had been county and the county pages the county produce the county produce

er dear once enfoyed the

"I deb't yest fines, but we'll see."
Then after a resule.
You I must see sheat I wan age!"
What can you see, reduced?
I can see the kers of the kitchen no
you've ribbed it white blocking the

the seed affectively from lies while head of the state of

even.

It was not direct counts of the latest and direct country to a few country to the country

"On yes, there is I want some beam.
We have a few supplies this writer and I need beams. Don't forget these, James, yes meet that yes get then, the meet their yes get then, the meet the yes get the yes and the yes get the yes and yes get the yes and yes get the yes get the yes and yes get the yes get the

ourse not then paragon of hos-

section of a securing the his conditions, which he had to be so which he had to be shown to be shown to be so with the section of the section

or comes pape down the toud, more pape of the partitions and raising the partition of the paper of the big to the paper of the paper of

again, home event home

The Flight of the Angels.

(By J. G. WEAVER)

Domest News' (Incistures Composition—Award of \$23.00 Made by a Special Committee Consist-ing of Jahn Nicholson, Orson P. Whitney and Prof. J. H. Paul.

Down from the silent north she flew, From the land where the lichens grows Where the white bears ream, And the ocean's form is as white as the fields of snow.

Down from the land of the weary night,
And the land of the nightless day;
Where the engl's nest
On the lockerg's crest,
And the young seals sport and play.

Her streaming hair, like fleezy clouds, Her robes like the cloudbanks, white, On the northern wind Streamed out behind, As southward she winged her flight.

Beneath her ever, away, away, Fair landscapes met her sight: And the blushing flowers Through the montide bours, Smiled in the sun's warm light.

She passed and the Howersts fell saleep,
And the wild birds ceased their song:
And the leaves turned brown
And rustled down,
While the winds moaned loud and long.

And soon from the heavens, cold and white, The fleecy snowflakes fell;
With a mantle so fair,
From the wintry air,
They covered the meadow and dell.

The mad-cap play of the woodland rills— The rhythm of the river's song, Like the notes in the nest Of birds ere they rest, Became hushed as she passed along.

Then the frost crept up to the homes of men, And the hearths glowed warm and bright; While the children play, At the close of day, And the bells ring out delight.

But onward she sped, nor stayed her flight O'er mountain and see or plain, Till she sank to rest On the gentle breast Of the speite of the southern main.

II.

Far in the east, where the soft sunbeams linger With a mellowing light over alters divine. Where gently and lightly, time's e'er changing linger Touches each scent, nor defaces a liner

Or breaks not a spell that for ages and ages Has hallowed the spot to humanity's breast; Where music had birth, and history's pages Tell of deeds that are dark and of love that is blest.

Twas here there arose on her outstretching pinions, An angel of light and an angel of love, And prepared for her flight over strile's wild dominion. With a smile on her lips as she soared far above,

Clothed with the rainbow, the olives entwining
Her love-lighted brow and her soft flowing hair,
She passed o'er the earth, e'en the bright sun outshining.
As gentle as love and as silent as prayer.

And e'er as she passed, brother clasped hands with brother, And lierce-visaged war to his caves skulked away; And discord and hate knew their wild reign was over, And vanished like shadows at break of the day.

The light laugh of maidens, and childhood's sweet prattle,
The troth plight of lovers, the dance and the song,
Replaced among men the deep clangors of battle;
And earth smiled with joy as she lioated along.

And tears deled away, and hearts that were breaking Forgot all their sorrow and leapt as of yore. And friends long dissevered, their anger forsaking, Were loving and kind to each other once more.

And o'er the wide lands the song of the reaper Was heard as he gathered in plenty at last; And loy that was stronger and broader and deeper, Was left on the earth when the angel had passed.

III.

Far, far in the west Where the sun's kisses rest, As day-time is passing away,
And the lingering sheen
Of the ocean is seen
config dream islands so fair and so green,
And shores where the soft sephyrs play.

From a flower-strewn retreat,
Where the bird voices sweet
Fill dreamland with music and song;
Where the cloud iales above
Rest of re inland of love,
As light on her nest rests the soft brooding dove,
While the moments fly lightly along;

There an angel of light
Spread her pinions so bright,
And swift thro' the quivering air,
She passed on her way,
Like the rippling play
Of the light-shafts that dart from the goddess of day,
When the morning is breaking so fair.

And o'er the wide earth
No heart was left dearth
Of a joy that her presence could bring.
From her bountcous hand,
There spread o'er the land
Gifts glorious and free as the flowers on a strand,
When they wake at the kines of spring.

And hearts that were sad,
In her presence grew glad,
d souls that were sellish and cold.
In the magical light
Of this angel bright,
Lost forever the crust that had bound them so tight,
And were gentle and kind as of old.

From this angel so blest,
To the weary came rest;
To the lowly and poor came delight;
To the anguished she gave
Balms to southe and to save;
And the shackles fell off from the wrists of the slave,
Where'er she directed her flight.

IV.

From the land of the south, from the region of flowers, When the mocking bird sings thro' the long dreamy hours, Where the ocean enamored caresses the strand, And summer forever reigns over the lands

Where the breezes are soft as the breath of a child, And the lingering light of the sun's beams are mild, As slowly and gently it sinks to the West, Unwilling to part with the land it has blest.

From shores ever verdant and scenes ever fair, There floated away on the soft, rosy air An angel of beauty, of joy, and of love, With a message that came from the regions above.

With a voice that was sweet as a birdnote in air, Or the murmurs that fall from an infant at prayer, She bade the down-hearted forget every care. And painted bright smiles on the lips of despair.

She opened and eyes that were blinded with tears.
Till they gazed far away thro' the gathering years,
And knew, that tho' bitter and cruel the past—
There was surcease from pain—there was heaven at last.

To souls that were groping in darkness and dread, She opened loraye the thick clouds o'erhead, And thro' them they gazed, while no tear dimmed the sight, On heaven's bright lields with enraptured delight.

V.

In adoration then, these angels four, Over a manger bent, their journeys o'er. There, in the opening of the new-born day, The Prince of Light, the Prince of Glory lay.

She from the north—angel of death and life; She from the east—angel of peace from strife; She from the west—angel of charity; Of hope and faith, from the fair south came she.

All were the servants of the sweet Babe, that lay Within His manger-bed on that first Christmas day.

"It is your comic of fire," she shad-ated as she stard it from his neces-cles, and rapidly began untyrog he strong

tring!
The accretion excitits of her busharid about 1001 comigh to exact the fact. theory, product.

It was not be may friends—past one little black born.

WHEN DOES IT BEGIN? Forther Light on the Twentieth Cen-tury Discussion,

an bot the year low mount and relations, that the mount and if hot, glith your of state below the second and the second and the second second that the second second that the second sec

PLANMATION'S VI

The Coloretts interesting accument from the Coloretts in the Coloretts in

THE HANGING COMMITTEE